

Rub a Bust Bust

By Al Hilton

Chapter 4

Wasted Screamer

My dreams were interrupted by the shaking of my bed. Cracking my eyes, I noticed Helen getting up and heading towards the bathroom. Damn, she's got a nice ass. The best looking ass of all my slaves, except for those painful looking bruises that some fuckwad gave her. Might as well tell her how sorry I am, again.

As I entered the bathroom, I said, "Good morning." In return I received a squeak and the sound of her firm thighs slapping together. Helen was already on the toilet and I must have shocked her.

She gave me a dirty look before she said, "I thought you were asleep."

"You woke me when you left."

"I needed to use the ladies room. Do you mind?"

I knew she wanted me to leave, but I wasn't, so I answered, "No, go ahead."

"Could you leave?"

Crossing my arms over my chest, I said, "Nope."

"Well I can't go while you're watching."

Taking a seat on a bathroom stool I said, "Then I might as well get comfortable."

We stared at each other for about a minute, before she parted her thighs a bit, and I heard the sound of urine splashing in the commode. The way she was hunched over, I couldn't see a thing, but she continued staring at me as she relieved herself. A few seconds later, she gave me a wicked grin before I heard a plopping of turds hitting water.

I said, "That's gross."

She said, "I warned you."

As I left, I said, "I'll use the other bathroom."

When I returned from emptying my bladder, Helen was already under the sheet. So I joined her and we quickly joined lips.

Last night, before I fell asleep, I promised myself to take it slow, and try to chill. So as we were kissing my mind chanted, "Slow. Slow. Take it slow." But another hard member of my group was screaming, "FUCK! FUCK! Fuck her, NOW!" Damn it cock, shut the fuck up.

Pulling away from Helen, I took some deep breaths. As I was doing this, Helen asked, "What's wrong?"

"Just trying to slow things down."

She shoved me onto my back and started straddling me as she said, "Well let me take over." Before I knew it, my cock was finding relief, buried deep in her hot pussy.

Still trying to control my passion, I stared at her eyes. Her blue eyes. Different from the others. I stared at them as she bounced on my shaft several times before laying her chest onto mine. As her full breasts pressed against me, I concentrated on those eyes. Those pool of blue eyes with hot passion just oozing from them. She seemed to notice my struggle as she asked, "You're close."

Not breaking eye contact I nodded.

She paused while she thought through our options before she asked, "Do you want a closer look at a shaved pussy?"

Again I nodded.

She carefully dismounted from my dick and once my pole was free, she slid forward until her pussy was a few inches away from my face. My dick nearly exploded at the view I was seeing.

A real live hairless pussy just inches away. Damn, look there, it's a clit! A hard, throbbing clit peeking out at me.

Looking up, my cock twitched. Helen was looking down and her two big breasts were in the way.

Then I got a whiff of her. The strong unmistakable scent of horny pussy. It was just too much.

Grabbing her ass, I pulled her closer, until her pussy was against my mouth.

She squealed and my tongue went to work. It was pussy eating time!

With my face trapped, all I could really do was to lick whatever was in front of my mouth. After I cleaned up that spot, I used my hands to move her hips to adjust her crotch so I could find more cream.

At this point, Helen got a clue, and started hunching her hips, causing her pussy to move over my tongue and mouth. At one end of the movement I was able to lick her asshole, at the other end I tongued her clit, and in between I sucked the pussy juice from her sopping slit.

Looking up, I noticed she now had her eyes closed and a big grin, giving me the courage to step it up a notch.

Now instead of tonguing her clit, I sucked on it. This in turn caused her to ride my face harder and she started groaning. After a half dozen of those, she appeared to be ready for the finale.

So with the next clitty suck, I also worked my tongue around and on her clit. It had the desired effect as I saw the cum pour out of her. Her eyes popped open before they closed again. Her hips started bucking causing her rack to dance. And boy did those tits dance today. It was a beautiful few seconds as my lover partook of her joyous rapture.

My tongue was still working on her clit, when she pulled away.

Looking down she smiled before saying, "Thank you." Then she reached back and felt my stick. Not letting go, she slowly moved back until she again had my dick in her snatch.

She slowly rode me and I just let her do me. This time I wasn't holding back and I just enjoyed the sensations. The taste of pussy. The smell of sex. The sound of fucking. The feel of cunt. The sight of boobies. All too soon I felt my balls squeeze my cum into her as she smiled down at me twitching under her.

Toward the end of my pleasure, she asked, "Good wasn't it?"

I answered, "Toe curling."

Right after that, she laid beside me and we cuddled for a bit, before getting a shower together.

With our sexual needs quenched, the shower was tame and quick. As was the toweling off and the getting dressed. Before I knew it, we were eating breakfast with the others.

Right after we cleaned up breakfast, we headed to the meeting room. There I supervised placing the order for twenty-five slaves. It was a slow process since it was a specialty order. For each slave we had to place a deposit to hold them so we could bundle the group to get group pricing. Some deposits failed, since the original slave was no longer available and we had to scramble looking for a substitute.

Somewhere during this process, the Colonel called and I asked him to come over to the slave quarters.

When he arrived, I had Tory look over the paperwork before I signed it. As I returned the papers, he asked, "Can I have a word with you sir."

"Go ahead."

He appeared a little nervous as he said, "Privately?"

I led him outside before asking, "Private enough?"

"Yes sir." It seemed he needed a few seconds to gather his thoughts before he asked, "Would you be willing to sell the Hispanic?"

"Her name is Elizabeth and I need her for the moment. Would you like 'Right of First Refusal'?"

"Yes sir, I would." We then shook hands and he left.

Back inside, Helen asked, "What did he want?"

"Right of First Refusal."

Someone said, "What?"

Tory explained, "Right of first refusal is a contractual right that gives its holder the option to enter a business transaction with the owner of something, according to specified terms, before the owner is entitled to enter into that transaction with a third party. In brief, the right of first refusal is similar in concept to a call option." Tory then looked at me and asked, "What something did he want?"

"You." She was stunned and I got the group back to work.

Finally, around 11, we started negotiating the price for the group. At first we were dealing with five different slave traders, but after a while we swapped some slaves around and reduced it down to three slave traders, one on the east coast, one on the west coast, and one mid-country.

It wasn't long after that, before we agreed on a final price and the funds were transferred. If nothing went wrong, our next batch of slaves would be delivered Thursday.

With that done, we took a quick break before we made sandwiches for lunch. As we did I said, "Doc, after lunch, we need to talk. I've got something on my mind."

Tory said snidely, "Yeah honey, asses, just watch yours. He likes to poke them."

"Oh that reminds me, you'll need to start lubing up, I'm doing yours before dinner." That shut the bitch up. Maybe I should sell her lard ass to the colonel.

After lunch, Cynthia asked, "Where do you want to meet?"

"I think your office would be appropriate."

Once we were settled in her office with the door closed, I asked, "Can you help me with my lack of endurance?"

"Your issue with premature ejaculation?"

Damn, she didn't need to be so fucking technical. I stuttered, "Yeah, that."

She shifted into diagnostician mode and started asking very personal questions as she did various tests and drew lots of blood. After she had done all the tests, she let me know, she thought my problem was more conditional than it was medical. She explained, that I may have unintentionally conditioned myself to ejaculate quickly to avoid getting caught.

It made some sense, I had been taught that self-pleasure was bad. So during my adolescence, whenever I jacked off, it felt dirty and I rushed the process to a quick conclusion. Then I met my girlfriend and she tried to slow me down, but then she disappeared. After that, it was back to jacking off. For the past year, I've barely had time to breathe let alone masturbate. So when I had an itch, it was whack, whack, whack, then I was done. Very quick and efficient.

Well now I've learned, it might have been too quick and too efficient.

I asked, "Okay, what's the prognosis?"

She said, "Before I answer, I'll like to do a little test. Are you up for it?"

"When?"

"No time like the present."

"I'm all yours Doc."

"Can we use your place?"

"Lead the way."

She collected a few items before she led me over to my place, where I let her in. There she led me to my bedroom and told me to get undressed and lay on my bed.

Once I had done as she asked, Cynthia blindfolded me before she tied me spread-eagled to all four corners. It wasn't tight, but I wasn't going anywhere either.

Right after that, I felt a warm mouth engulf my manhood, and in no time I was rock hard, ready to dump.

It wasn't to be, because the mouth disappeared, to be replaced by a hand. A soft gentle hand. A soft gentle stroking hand. A soft gentle teasing stroking hand. A hand that wouldn't let me cum. A hand that brought me to the very pinnacle of release without letting me achieve it.

I moaned. I groaned. I pleaded for it to let me cum, but it only teased me to the extreme heights of frustration. I was in hell.

I don't know how long I was in that hell. It felt like hours. But suddenly something changed. The hand was slimy. Greasy. It was coating my dick. That hand was joined by a second that fondled my balls. My balls were getting the same coating as my dick.

Once my balls and cock were completely coated, the hands disappeared and several seconds later the bed rocked as someone crawled over me. My stick was then held as they shifted about before my cock slipped into a warm cunt.

God it felt good to have my cock buried deep into someone's warm pussy. At least that's what I thought at that moment.

That was to change, because that pussy did a slow number on my stick. Just like the hand before it, it was a tease. A slow frustrating tease. A slow frustrating nut-cracking tease. It continued and it continued, not letting me cum.

Suddenly I felt the cunt's cunt squeezing. Squeezing my pole. And then I heard the cunt grunt. Damn it the bitch was cumming! She was cumming and I was being left out to dry. Fuck her. Damn it, fuck her. Fuck the damn bitch for using me for HER pleasure!

The squeezing stopped, but the teasing didn't, as she kept slowly riding my rock hard dick.

At that point my mind went wild. I shook at my bonds. I bucked my hips. But nothing helped, the bitch just stopped until I settled down.

The bitch rode me through a couple more of her orgasms before she caressed my face. The riding got faster now as she rubbed my cheek. Faster and faster. I was close, very very close. My balls started their tingling. Another few seconds and I'll dump.

Right then I heard, "Cum." and my balls contracted. My arms and legs pulled at my bindings as my dick pumped gallons and gallons of cum into my cunt. The hand caressed my face as the voice said, "That's it Dave, cum."

The lights went out.

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When I came to, Cynthia was lying beside me covered in perspiration. She was struggling with the rope tied to my wrist. I asked, "Pardon the pun, but what's up doc?"

Cynthia stopped and said, "Not you, that's for certain." and then she cradled my dead meat in her hand.

"Okay, okay, it's dead. You drained it for sure. Did you learn anything with that torture session?"

She resumed untying me as she answered, "Just proved it's not a medical issue."

"How's that."

"You lasted over an hour."

I checked the clock and noticed she was right. I just laid there stunned as she finished untying me.

When she was through, she cuddled beside me and covered us up with a sheet. She was still covered in a light dew. Gently I cradled her before asking, "Are you okay?"

As she pressed against me, she answered, "Yeah hon, I'll just be a tad sore tomorrow. I'm not as young as a used to be and that was the longest ride I've ever had."

I held my lover as I rehashed the past hour. Something puzzled me, "Why the lotion?"

"Oh that. It was a desensitizer. I also used it yesterday with Helen."

My mind drifted back to the previous day, and yes, I lasted much longer than usual. Dang, that stuff works!

As we laid together relaxing, Cynthia said, "Not wanting to spoil the moment, but there's something that I need to clear up."

"Go ahead. This is as good a time as any."

"I'm not comfortable terminating viable pregnancies."

Well I was wrong, this wasn't a good time to talk about this, but we might as well talk through it. I said, "Unless something changes, I'm not having any boys running around here. First: There's no money in it. Second: It's going to be tough enough just handling over 5,000 girls, mix that with a group of boys and we'll go crazy. Besides, I've been told girls are easier to raise than boys. Third: I don't need the boys fucking my girls, and give them half a chance they would. I guarantee it. Fourth: Boys would set this camp on fire, both physically and mentally. Do you disagree?"

"Maybe so, but aborting them isn't an answer."

"Maybe not, but I don't see many other options. If we don't terminate the pregnancy, then the pregnant slave has to go. Another option?"

"We could deliver the child here and then put them up for adoption."

"No. If we do that, something will come up and we'll be stuck with the boy. No, I'm not allowing any boys to be born at this camp." I paused a few seconds before saying, "Terminate or the slave goes."

"Are you prepared to lose a third of the slaves?"

"Not really, but that's the reason the business plan calls for abortion. It assumed a third of all pregnancies would end at 12 weeks and the slave would be available for another attempt within 2 months. Is there any way to improve the odds of having girls?"

"I'm working on that, along with improving the odds for conception. I think with the right drugs and timing; we can shift the odds from a 25% chance of conceiving to at least a 50% chance. The big problem with this is it increases the chance of multiples by a factor of ten, to about a 15% chance of conceiving twins."

I hadn't thought about multiple births. That will change the business plan, not by much, but it should add a million to my retirement fund.

My dreams of getting rich was cut short when Cynthia asked, "If you don't mind, I need to get back to my office, I've got some things I need to finish before dinner."

Kissing the back of her head I answered, "Nope, you're good, I've got some stuff to do as well." And we got dressed and went our separate ways.

Before she left, Cynthia said, "You might want to tell the others. They can help with your problem."

After knowing my problem was solvable, I was feeling pretty chipper, so I went back to working on cleaning up my autobiography.

I did this until someone knocked on the front door.

When I opened it, Tory was there and she said, "It's nearly dinnertime and I'm here to collect you and a sample." For a few seconds I just stood there in deep thought before Tory asked, "Can I come in or what?"

Slipping past her I said, "What." and closed the door. As I walked away, she just stood there confused. I helped snap her back to reality, "Aren't you coming? I'll need your help cumming." I chuckled to myself over my snappy comeback.

Entering the slave quarters, I shouted, "Quick meeting, in Tory's room."

When I got to Tory's room, I lost my clothes and then laid down naked on her bed. Soon all four slaves were there looking at me with puzzled expressions.

Looking at Cynthia, I said, "You diagnosed it, now help fix it." Then placing my hands behind my head, I closed my eyes, and relaxed.

As Cynthia explained everything to the others, I let my mind drift to better times. Times with my mother and sister. Times with my first love, Heather.

Suddenly I felt a hand cradle my cock and I took a quick peek. It was Tory's hand, but the others were still watching and Cynthia was directing, so I returned to my daydream.

There the hand belonged to Heather. My Irish, green eyed, red head. My first love. The love I lost.

The hand moved slowly. Tortuously slowly. Pump, pump, slowly. Damn I needed to cum.

Suddenly, without control, my hips started bucking and the hand stopped. Teasing me. Taunting me. Fuck I need to cum.

My hips stopped and the hand resumed, this time it was joined with a second hand fondling my balls.

Another peek and nothing had changed other than the look of lust in their eyes.

Quickly I closed my eyes and I remembered the same lustful look pouring from green eyes. Oh yeah, oh yeah. Those beautiful green eyes. Those eyes filled with lust. Those eyes that belonged to Heather. My one and only Heather. The same Heather that gave me my first rack.

The vision of her breasts did it. My cock preformed an 'Old Faithful' and erupted seed into the air.

My asshole puckered before I grunted and shot another load. Damn this was a strong cum. A strong cum.

The hand softened its strokes as my balls emptied their reserves and then it was over.

Keeping my eyes closed, I basked in my imaginary world as someone scooped the cum off of my stomach and pubis. And then they left me alone.

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A little while later, Tory came back and said, "Master, dinnertime."

I said, "They can wait. Why don't you take your panties off so I can properly thank you?"

She pecked my cheek before saying, "I'll take a rain-check. I started this morning." And she left before it finally registered that she was on her period.

I got dressed and joined everyone for dinner.

Tonight we had a very tasty tuna casserole. I'm looking forward to eating much better meals than the frozen dinners I had been eating for over a year.

After dinner, they cleaned up before everyone headed to the Rec Center. Tonight they talked me into going bowling instead of swimming. With two great cums under my belt, I wasn't in the mood to fight them.

They played three games as I watched. They wanted me to play but I refused because I'm a stick in the mud. Besides, I can only throw gutter balls. I've tried but bowling isn't my game.

I did enjoy the competition between the women and noticed the more the tits bounced the worse they played. It appeared their swinging boobies threw their game or concentration off.

Kristen was the overall winner, followed by Tory, then Helen, and finally Cynthia.

After that, we headed back to my place to watch another movie. Tonight they chose, 'Titanic', starring Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet.

Other than the normal male scenes, tits and action, I was bored and did house duties, biding my time until after the movie was over.

When the credits finally appeared, I assumed some slaves were leaving, but Cynthia came over and said, "Since Kristen's staying the night, do you mind if we stay until I collect my sample? Besides, I'd like to be close, in case she freaks out."

This was weird, them waiting around until I studded Kristen, but it did make some sense, so I nodded my approval before heading over to Kristen.

Looking at her I asked, "Are you ready for bed?" Looking at me with fear flowing from her eyes, she gave me a slight nod before standing up. Holding her hand, I gently led her to my bedroom.

Like the previous night, my plan was to start with some conversation as we drank some wine. This I hoped, would calm both of us. But that changed, because as soon as the bedroom door closed, Kristen attacked!

She growled, wrapping her arms around me, and I found my lips pressing against hers. Her tongue pushed through my closed lips and started tickling my teeth.

Damn, I thought she was going to be a cold fish. Instead, I've got a hot barracuda!

Not wanting to spoil the mood, my hands quickly grabbed her ass and I pulled us tighter together as my tongue started dancing with hers. While we kissed, our clothes fell away as we stumbled to the bed.

I don't know how, but shortly I found myself laying on the bed, with Kristen laying on top of me. Her smooth snatch buried in my face and her hot mouth sucking my dick.

For the next few minutes we worked on our passion. Correction, she worked on my passion. From the way her pussy was dripping, she was ready.

My suspicions were confirmed, when a couple of licks later, Kristen started her orgasm. And not just any everyday old orgasm, but one hell of a mind blowing climax.

She screamed some unintelligible words and started thrashing around on top of me. To protect myself, I flipped us over, until she was bucking under me, still shouting words that didn't have meaning.

After about a minute, she suddenly stopped, and I shifted around to see if she had died.

Nope, her eyes were open and she was gasping for air, but otherwise she was motionless. The strange part was she was covered in a thin coating of perspiration. It looked like she had just finished running a marathon. Well I guess she had, a sexual marathon. That's when my evil side kicked in.

Looking at her, my hand slipped between her thighs and I forced two fingers into her sloppy cunt. Her eyes got big when my fingers found her G-spot. They got even bigger when I started finger fucking her hard, making sure my fingers worked on her G-spot.

Within seconds, she started screaming made up words and started thrashing about. Her hips went wild forcing me to grasp her crotch with my hand to hold on. This caused the palm of my hand to press her clit, while my fingers pressed her internal button.

With both pleasure points trapped, her climax intensified, causing her hips to buck, causing more pressure on her pleasure points, causing her more pleasure, causing more hip bucking, causing more, well everything.

For the next several seconds, she flailed about as I held on until suddenly she stopped.

Like the last time, she was still huffing as she stared at the ceiling. Unlike last time, I mounted up.

In an ungentlemanly manner, I crawled between her legs, placed both ankles on my shoulders, and quickly shafted the wet cunt.

It didn't go as I expected, this pussy was tight. Very very tight. As my hips bucked my dick deeper and deeper, the bitch's tunnel kept squeezing and squeezing, slowing my advance, forcing me to withdraw and try again.

During my attack, I looked over my opponent. She was now staring at her crotch at her invader. She had a wicked looking smile on her face. Her rack was doing a slight shimmy and her hips were rocking.

Deeper and deeper drilled my dick until it finally could go no further. I froze because I was so so close. My balls were screaming for relief and I knew if I moved or even wiggled it would be over. Right then Kristen looked at me and said, "Master, you complete me."

Then as we stared into each other's eyes, her hand slowly moved toward our intimate junction and she said, "Sorry Master, but my clit's on fire." I believe that's when she touched it and our world exploded.

As she let out a primal scream, her eyes rolled back, and her hips bounced. Her ankles slipped off my shoulders and my chest crashed into her breasts. I held her tightly. She bucked. My dick stirred. My balls emptied. Her scream continued. I grunted. My cock seeded her fertile womb.

I continued holding her as she thrashed about until my balls were empty and she was motionless.

At that point someone said, "Now that's what I call well fucked."

With my still twitching cock buried deep in Kristen, I looked over my shoulder. The other three slaves were standing there with their jaws hanging open. Carefully, I dismounted and stood next to the three as we looked over my wasted lover.

Kristen was lying motionless on the bed in a puddle of her sweat and cum. Her eyes closed. Her breathing shallow. Her arms and legs sprawled out and her gash split open with my cum oozing out. Yeah, she was well fucked.

After about thirty seconds of silence, Cynthia broke rank and quickly got her sample before she said, "Okay ladies, let's let the love birds get some rest." And as they left, Tory said, "Now that's a screamer. A very wasted screamer."

With the top cover a mess and Kristen basically out of action. It took me a few minutes to remove the cover and get Kristen under the sheet. I joined her and then held her. I did take the liberty of fondling her breasts as I snuggled against her before I fell asleep.

{END Chapter 4}